THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

Published by Middlebury College at Middlebury, Vermont, for the Alumni and Alumnae

VOLUME XI. MARCH, 1937 No. 3

MARCH

Subjects and Predicates

Bow to Pennsylvania

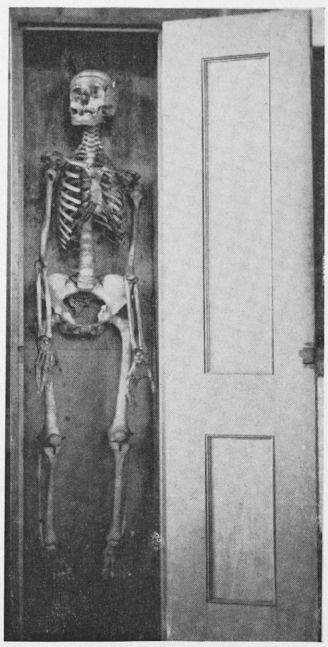
No, Middlebury doesn't have the oldest alumnus in America, in spite of what the College, the Associated Press, and a few hundred newspapers from Maine to Missouri and from Vermont to Vancouver conjectured last December. The tip that there might be an elder came from someone in California. He suggested that we investigate the University of Pennsylvania. And surely enough, in immediate response to a query there, we learned that Dr. William Guilford of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, is 104, that he graduated from the School of Medicine at Pennsylvania eighty-four years ago.

Alas, our Edward W. Wilcox, '54, is only 102 and out of college only 82 years. The two centenarians evidently entertain entirely different attitudes toward their distinctions. Dr. Guilford claims he doesn't want any more birthdays, 104 are quite enough. Mr. Wilcox looks forward to many another and in the meantime relishes his daily constitutional of one mile. Both served in the Civil War, Mr. Wilcox with the Confederates and Dr. Guilford with the Union, the latter patching up the men disabled by the side of the Middleburian.

Jersey Correspondent

Bernard De Voto, editor of the *Saturday Review*, has said all there is to say about the subject of literary anonymity: "As for writers of anonymous letters to the editor, they know what they can do. If they do not, let them supply name and address and the editor will be happy to tell them."

We were thoroughly humbled by an anonymous communication that came by return mail from Newark, N. J. after the publication of the last *News Letter* which contained the phrase "the balance of these letters." This is the first anonymous letter received and to celebrate we publish it without editing. "Dear Sir, The person who wrote 'Quest' on page 2 of the December issue of the New Letter would better look up the meaning of the word balance. It is rather a blow to find it used so incorrectly in a college paper."



Sadie

The second edition of Webster's unabridged is our accepted authority—here in Vermont. See page 3210. "*Balance*. 9. The remainder, the rest. Colloq. 'Presently I began to receive letters asking for the rest of it, sometimes for the balance of it.' Lowell."

Mr. Fowler in "The Dictionary of Modern English Usage" published in England with a British accent, calls the expression "far fetched, though not impossible."

We don't mind being colloquial or even far fetched occasionally, but we do hate anonymous letters. We accept the reprimand from Mr. Webster, Mr. Fowler, and Miss New Jersey and will hereafter use the word only in one of its other twenty-four meanings.

If Sadie Could Talk

Despite the annual plebiscite on the most popular coeds, prom queens and carnival queens there is inevitable ruction in the men's college over the returns, but there never has been or will be any contention over the least popular lady on campus. Her skeletal remains are known as Sadie and she has lived on the second floor of the Warner Science Building for generations. She was 65 or 70 when she died–no one knows how long ago–and "Longy" (Professor Samuel Longwell), her custodian, estimates that 1710 students in the past eighteen years have studied every contour in her unshapely remains, and unpopular as she has been among these "General Bug" and "Comparative Anat" students, many an alumnus returns to Middlebury with an appeal to view the old lady once more—for sentimental, not scientific reasons.

Sadie's teeth, feet, and vertebrae indicate that she had a hard time in life, but she's had a harder time in her physical hereafter. Outside of the annual humiliation of being compared with frog, cat, fowl and guinea pig skeletons, she has suffered plenty at Hallowe'en parties, stunt nights, fraternity goings on, and more than once she has hung from laboratory windows for the benefit of passing coeds. Professor Barney intimates that her last trip must have been a brawl, for she returned with several broken ribs, her posterior zygapothysis in pretty poor shape, and she probably has sacroilliac pains. Occasionally she is found gripping a dead cigar in her teeth, carrying a parasol, or modestly wearing a loin cloth.

Where she came from, who she was, where she will go next is anybody's conjecture, but a number of bandages and taped parts indicate that she will shortly be laid out again for repairs.

Bread Loaf—Summer

Alumni literati and disciples of Letters who haven't in the past been beckoned to Bread Loaf may find it less

easy to resist the call in future summers. Rather sweeping developments at the English School are being plotted by Harry G. Owen, '23, new Director and successor to Dr. Gay.

Back in 1928, Professor Davison sketched his plan for Bread Loaf, past, present, and future: "We believe in creative work because we believe that only so can the great literature of the past and the present come alive in the minds and hearts of teachers and students everywhere. And to have literature come alive, to have writing come alive, to have speaking come alive—that is our aim. An eager, developing, creative attitude of mind that shall precipitate in expression and in appreciation of the expression of others—that, so far as it can be phrased in a word, is the Bread Loaf idea."

Director Owen is reviving this original idea and adding to it a series of new ones which have been made possible by the increased enrollment at the School and which bear out that original idea. Four seminar courses in writing will be given next summer. The curriculum will be enlarged to include courses in criticism, in American sectional literature, and in comparative literature with cooperation from the other language schools. Attempt will be made to integrate the entire curriculum in order to show the relationships of various arts to literature and to emphasize the importance of an all-around view of a period other than the limited literary outlook. With this in view he has secured for next summer such lecturers as Olin Downes of the *New York Times*, Madame Susanne Silvercruys, Belgian sculptress, and Lee Simonson, stage designer.

The scholarly standards of the School will be raised and a careful selection of candidates for admission will be made in the future. Facilities of Bread Loaf will be opened to more Middlebury students outstanding in the College American and English literature departments.

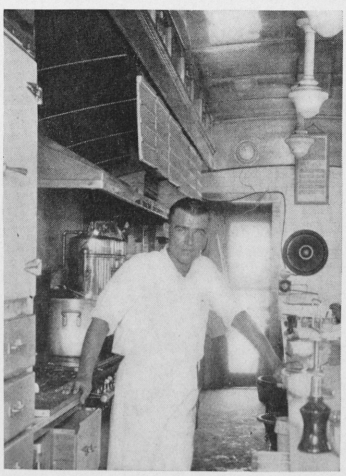
Finally Mr. Owen hopes over a period of years to make Bread Loaf a real literary colony by adding a number of small cottages offering summer homes for outstanding scholars and authors.

Bread Loaf—Winter

While big things were being planned on paper for Bread Loaf's summer, as big things to the winter sports world were getting underway for Bread Loaf's winter. The College, the village, the Middlebury Inn, the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce and the United States Government had all joined forces to establish a real skiing center just north of Bread Loaf Inn in the 120 inch snow zone. Included in a long range project are a 35 meter jump, ski tow, two cabins, parking area, and ski trails for both novices and adepts. The development will be used as a supplement for the equipment on Chipman Hill, which, we are told, is in the 80 inch snow zone. According to ski coach "Dick" Hubbard, '36, one speed trail with a drop of 1000 feet in a mile should be just about as good as anything on Mount Mansfield, while the Burnt Hill trail will offer for neophytes a pleasant drop of 1400 feet in a two mile run. Though the boast proved null and void this winter, weather and ski experts guarantee snow from the middle of December to the middle of April. We expect you'll be on the first Bread Loaf snow train out of Boston or New York.

Jack of the Dog Cart

Town night life in Middlebury never has been especially exhilarating or exhausting. After the Opera House closed down at 10:30 or 11:00 social night owls had a choice of whiling away late hours with a rousing game of cribbage in a neighbor's parlor, having a ginger ale and nabiscoe at a soda joint, and topping off the evening perhaps with a dollar's worth of bagatelle at the Inn. Times have changed. Local laws, and eyebrows still limit beverage sales to light wines and beers—but beverages figure lightly in Middlebury entertainment anyway. The fast set has at last come into its own and found a place for public blasphmey of Morpheus. It's the Dogcart. There isn't a floor show—no comedian, not even an orchestra—only a master of ceremonies, Jack Swanson. Even the clientele varies from night unto night. But at Jack's Dogcart (the Val-do-mar Diner to the elect) the great, near great and less great—venerable professors, truck drivers, ministers of the gospel, Starr Hall freshmen, the press, janitors, doctors, bootleggers—all join disjointedly in scintillating conversation, sparkling wit of the street, ponderous argument on political subtleties over the clinking glasses of—crackers and milk.



The Dog Cart

Jack began his Middlebury reign nine years ago. Until then the south end of Main Street was rather dull, socially. Jack proceeded to salt and pepper the district properly. From the first, college students, both male and female, made the Dogcart their rendezvous for pasturage. Depression cut heavily into the business. Rumors keep filtering into Vermont that things are picking up further south, but Jack still estimates that his student trade is a third of what it was back in '28 and '29. It's a cash establishment but he always has about $300 on the cuff from students and always collects it. Toasted Hamburgers and coffee are invariably the favorite college munch—differing sharply from the Vermonter's favorite, roast pork, roast pork always—in season and out.

He is ready for any kind of trade, as his bill indicates. Before coming to Middlebury he assembled a variety of experience which put him in good stead here—experience varying from cooking jobs in universities to cooking jobs in lumbercamps. Past patrons still champ for his dishes in Florida, New York, Illinois, and Louisiana where he has worked. He has always prepared his own food and still serves

his wife and two youngsters. He also employs and feeds five assistants including two students earning their way through college.

Although Jack puts in a sixteen-hour day he still finds time for his favorite recreation of hunting and running a column in *The Register* entitled "Notes from Forest and Stream." He is Middlebury's crack huntsman. Foxes are his favorite fur, and partridge or woodcock his favorite feather.

The saddest day of his year is Commencement. He's afraid the black-gowned students whom he has nurtured will never come back, but some dark night they always do—for a hamburger and coffee.

Type

Among the fantastic names attributed to types which the unsuspecting public reads every day are such European and native twisters and surprises as: Pastonchi, Nicolas Cochin, Nicolas Jenson, Astree, Bulmer, Fournier, Bodoni, Lutetia, Perpetua, Granjon and Bembo. This is Deepdene you are reading. We wouldn't mention it if we hadn't lately been getting a host of pleasant queries on what type was used in the *News Letter*. Deepdene is relatively new although it embodies many old characteristics. It is not very commonly stocked by printers, but the Lane Press, always up to the minute on matters typographic, has it. We suggested to Mr. Lane a while back that it would be an ideal type for a Bible. And surely enough the Simon and Schuster *Bible to be Read as Living Literature* is done in Deepdene. The designer was so pleased with his choice that a full page is devoted to its glorification at the back of the Book where maps of Jerusalem, Judah, Israel and Canaan ordinarily occur.

Deepdene is used on many of our college publications for virtually the same reason that it was used on the Bible—to quote Mr. Kent D. Currie's quotation: "The variety among the individual letters speeds the eye and avoids monotony with charm. Deepdene is perhaps the most bookish face Mr. Goudy has yet created, yet it has more 'interest'—color, movement, quaintness—than any standard book face that comes to mind. He has been fortunate in securing a high degree of legibility, for Deepdene makes easy reading, whether it be a paragraph or a hundred pages. The italic is of special interest; it has more sprightliness and vigor than any italic hitherto available to every printer. It agrees admirably with the roman in color and will make a delightful page of itself . . . . Deepdene is brilliant and vigorous. It seems to lend spirit to the very words themselves; it inspires reading, just as we prefer lively adult penmanship to regular, schoolboy script."

Browsing Room

Seven years ago, the "spoils system" in the undergraduate press and other societies was abruptly cut short by Dean Hazeltine who became banker for practically every organization on campus outside of sports teams, fraternities, and the *Campus* (which has long been controlled financially by the College Business Manager), and all emoluments were deposited for safe keeping in the form of interest bearing "sinking funds." The Dean is custodian for the monies of some thirty societies and the total assets in February amounted to about $4500, although this sum varies several thousand dollars during a year.

This system will show its first significant results this semester when the *Saxonian* board contributes from its reserve $500, the *Kaleidoscope* $500, and the *Campus* $2000 for a "Browsing Room" in the Library. The periodical room will be completely redecorated and refurnished and made into an informal lounge. Here on two hundred American and foreign periodicals, books of popular cultural interest, and five editions of the lesser known classics undergraduate browsers can browse to their hearts' content.

Star Gazing

While the great University of California telescope lens was cooling in Corning, New York, two years ago, while the American Museum Planitarium was being completed in Manhattan, Professor Haller, of the Chemistry Department was slowly, precisely, working away at a little astronomical venture of his own—polishing a twelve and a half inch lens for a telescope. Three months of hard labor went into the lens alone and finally a year ago in his back yard the completed telescope was mounted—immediately attracting so much attention from student, faculty, and town enthusiasts that Mr. Haller could hardly wedge in all the squints he wanted himself.

The enthusiasm continued and early last summer he offered to give the equipment to the College if the trustees would furnish funds for a small observatory. There was little dissension on that score, college carpenters put up an inexpensive frame and A. R. Ibarguen, a Guatamalan amateur astronomer, living at West Farmington, Maine, was commissioned to build a revolving dome.

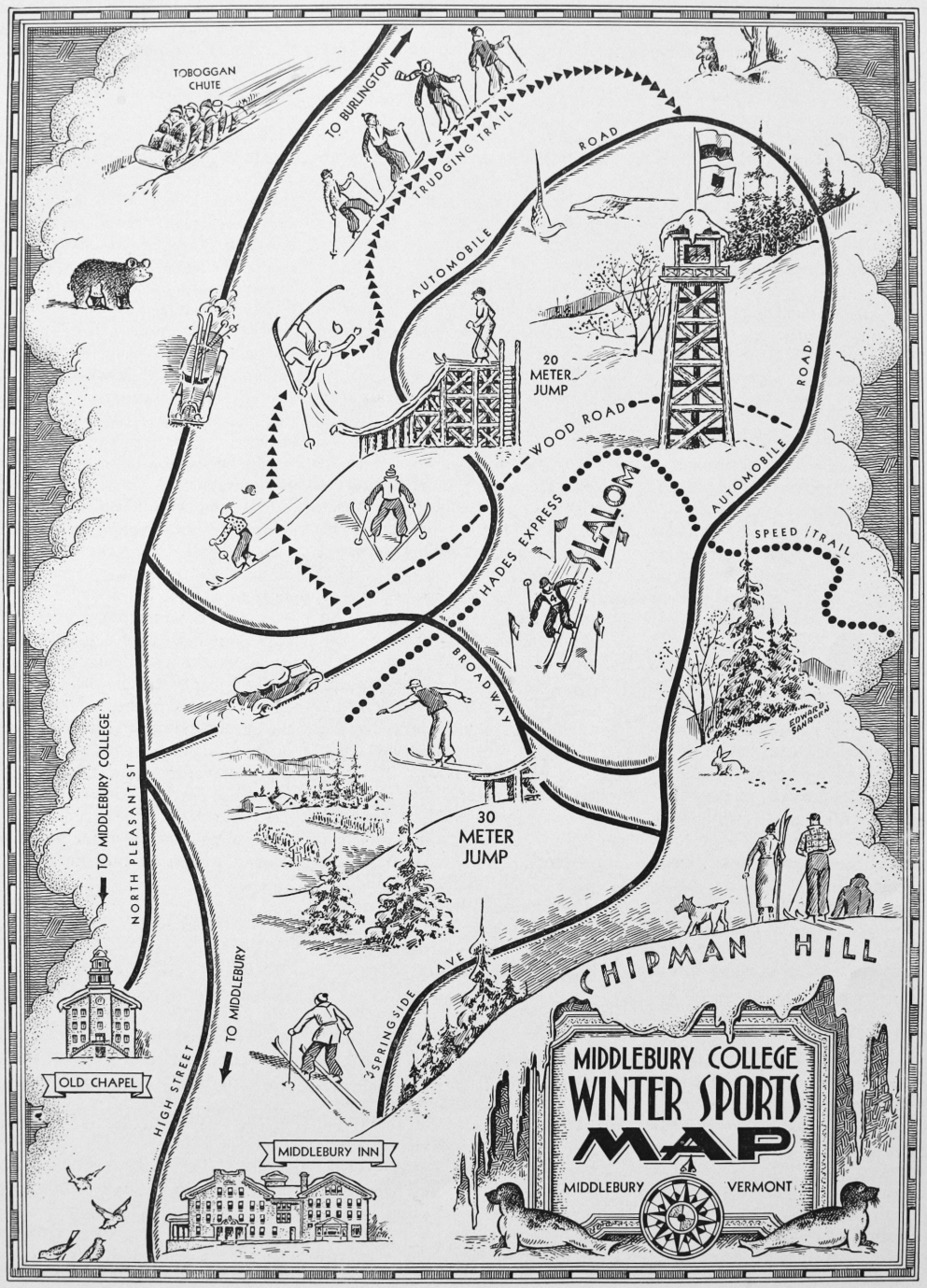
The whole outfit will be ready for operation late in March and Mr. Haller intends to start an extra-curricular course on the "Romance of the Skies" (no prerequisites). Weekly lectures, subject to the weather, will by no means be limited to scientific aspects of astronomy. Professors Burrage, Dame, and White will go into the mythology and history of the "Romance" and Professors Bryant and Haller will present the science. You'll have to picture the scene of a balmy evening, blankets spread over a hillside (reminiscent of a scout encampment), reclining students, (reminiscent of the Sistine Chapel), field glasses, a scholarly voice in the dark, and finally the queue forming around the telescope.

Professor Haller picked the site for the observatory himself, on the crest of the hill north of Pearsons Hall—and we swear that it's the only observatory on a college campus in the world that doesn't stick out architecturally like a sore thumb.

Postmasters Only

The News Letter is edited by W. Storrs Lee, '28. The Editorial Board is composed of Edgar J. Wiley, '13, and Frances H. C. Warner, '05, who prepare the alumni and alumnae notes; Mrs. Dorothy Purdy, '22, and D. Howard Moreau, '20. Mr. Wiley also has charge of the business interests.

The News Letter is the official organ of the Associated Alumni and of the Alumnae Association of Middlebury College. It is published by the College at Middlebury, Vermont, quarterly, in September, December, March and June, and was entered as second-class matter November 15, 1932, at the Middlebury post-office under Act of Congress, Aug. 24, 1912.


TOBOGGAN CHUTE
TO BURLINGTON
TRUDGING TRAIL
AUTOMOBILE ROAD
20 METER JUMP
WOOD ROAD
AUTOMOBILE ROAD
HADES EXPRESS
SLALOM
SPEED TRAIL
EDWARD SANDERS
BROADWAY
30 METER JUMP
CHIPMAN HILL
TO MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
NORTH PLEASANT ST
TO MIDDLEBURY
HIGH STREET
SPRING SIDE AVE
OLD CHAPEL
MIDDLEBURY INN
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
WINTER SPORTS
MAP
MIDDLEBURY VERMONT

1937 Carnival

RANDALL HOFFMANN, '37

NOBODY knows just how it was done, but the annual Winter Carnival was run off as scheduled, and according to post mortem reports it was the most successful week-end celebrated at Middlebury in some time. Which merely bears out the old saying, that last tenacious foothold of the confirmed optimist, "adversity is the best road to success."

King and Queen for a Week-end
Janet Gray, Katonah, N. Y. and Randall Hoffmann, Middletown, N. Y., who ruled over the 1937 Carnival

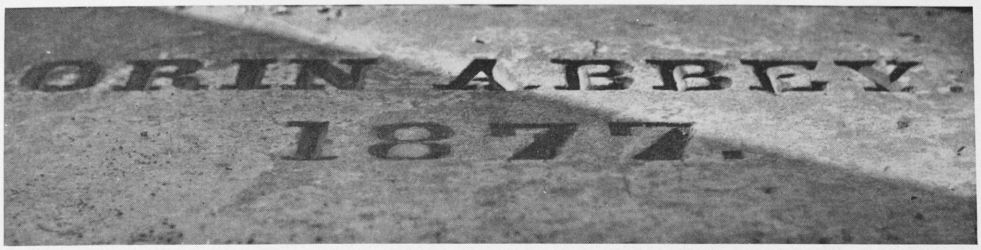
Contrary to the usual procedure, the week started on Monday at Middlebury, for on Monday the white angel of hope descended during the dawn hours and left a glorious trace of her visit, one inch and a half of snow. It wasn't much but it was enough, and it must have looked like quite a lot to the ten snow-starved ski teams that shouldered their equipment into Middlebury on Thursday evening.

President Moody knelt gracefully before the King and Queen Thursday night at the Coronation Pageant, and the Carnival was on. From then on a panorama of colorful indoor and outdoor sports swept across the campus carrying a mob of appreciative merry makers through the realms of musical comedy, costume balls, and up into the sobering sweeps of Lincoln-Warren Pass.

For Mahomet had to go to the mountain. True, there was enough snow on the flats so that by careful nurture and collection it was possible to pack the ski jump to jump-ability. But the cross-country and slalom courses took on a pallid appearance as the sun rose higher Friday morning; the doctor recommended a cooler climate and a higher altitude, and Lincoln-Warren Pass combined both with the added attraction of a suitable snow diet. Friday's outdoor events ended with the New Hampshire ski men leading the favored Dartmouth B team, and Middlebury pressing close in third place. On the women's side of the campus a good time was had by all in the "Women's Jubilee" staged on the slippery broadside of New Chapel hill, with the Middlebury girls putting up a good front in ski and snow-shoe games with Skidmore, Vassar, Connecticut, Jackson, Storrs, and Syracuse.

Friday night something new in the line of entertainment was offered in the form of "Bavarian Night," an original musical comedy, written and produced by students. A new attendance record was set, only to be broken on the following night when a mob of alumni, students, competitors and visitors reaching well over a thousand thronged into the gym for the "Klondike Rush," an ultra-informal dance. At the height of the dance New Hampshire was announced as the ski winner, with Dartmouth and Middlebury following.

Miscellaneous events of the week-end: Coach John Nash won his fifth hockey game of the season and lost his second, to the Alumni and Colgate respectively. The basketball team was nosed out of the Green Mountain Conference race by St. Michaels to the tune of 32-27. The Kappa Delta Rho fraternity won the snow-sculpture cup, with D.K.E. as honorable mention. All-time honors to the student body and co-operative visitors; they grappled with Nature and won.



By ALBERT D. MEAD, '90, *Brown University*

THERE is in Middlebury a curious and unique monument in stone whose reason for being must have puzzled and possibly amused passers-by for many years. It is a flagstone which roofs the culvert in the sidewalk on Weybridge Street, some fifty yards north of the Play-house (the old Catholic Church) on the opposite side of the road, and bears the inscription "Orin Abbey 1877."

It looks like a tombstone. It never was that, but yet it was by deliberate intent a sort of monument to an extraordinary man, or more accurately I should say to a rugged virtue which we like to think was characteristic of the pioneers of Vermont.

The "dedication" of this memorial took place sixty years ago come next summer and I am certainly the only witness of it. The ceremony was becomingly simple, but for me it was solemn and deeply impressive. Old Captain Abbey delivered the oration and I was the audience. The audience was strictly enjoined to remember what was said, and this injunction has been conscientiously obeyed.

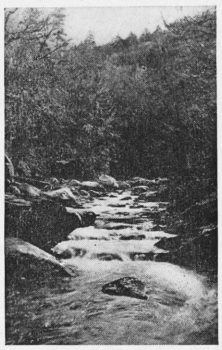
My story would lose its whole point if I were not allowed to sketch briefly the chief figure in this episode, Captain Orin Abbey. The date 1877 is some years back, but the Captain was of a type cast long before that. He belonged to the old pioneer days. He had a wide reputation as a trapper of bears and wolves, and bears and wolves were a scourge to the farmers when he was a young man; the bears devastated the cornfields and the wolves ravaged the flocks. As an old man he continued trapping for furs in the spring and fall and often took me on the rounds of his traps. Since then I have seen and admired many refined scientific techniques, but I still take off my hat to this man who could outwit a fox and catch him in a steel trap.

His regular occupation changed with the seasons, like the pelage of the wild animals. In the spring and fall he attended his traps. In the winter he operated a little shop in the lane between Weybridge Street and "Frog Hollow" as a locksmith and gunsmith. I can still see the old shop filled with long-barreled muskets and steel traps and especially the vicious bear traps, which even then were in use, with the horrible teeth in the jaws, that you dreamed of at night; and the silent old giant working the bellows with one rhythmic elbow while his attention and both hands were occupied with the glowing metal in the bed of coals. Here he would make wonderful blades for jackknives when we boys by swapping could acquire especially good handles; and tomahawks also for small boys to kill Indians with. I still have my tomahawk and it still reeks with Algonquian gore. The significance of all this is that the knife blades and the tomahawks, although made for youngsters before their teens, were nevertheless of the very finest steel and temper as though made for the President of the United States. For the Captain was no respecter of age or rank. He never condescended to a child, never toadied to a man. He was far from being erudite, but he seemed the incarnation of physical and moral strength and self-reliance, of primitive sagacity and wisdom and utter integrity, and he seemed possessed of a serenity and fearlessness which must have rested on a good conscience.

In the summer season he took on the role of stone mason, and this brings me immediately to the explanation of the flagstone in the sidewalk. As he was putting the stone into place on finishing the culvert he called me over to him (I was then a lad eight years of age) and carefully explained that when he built a thing of stone he "built it to stay," whether it was the foundation of the big schoolhouse or just a little culvert in a sidewalk, and then he said: "Bert, I have cut my name and date in this stone, 'Orin Abbey 1877.' The stone is exactly level now and I want you to come back here fifty years from now and look at it, and you will find it will not be one quarter of an inch out of true." Fifty years later I did come back and, standing there alone with head uncovered, indulged in a moment of reverie. His prediction had proved to be entirely correct. I hope he knew it and I hope he took as much satisfaction in that knowledge as I did.

A Little Wilderness in Vermont

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



FOR many years I have taught at the Summer School of English at Bread Loaf, Vermont, which is housed in the old hotel built by Joseph Battell, and left by him to Middlebury College, along with some 35,000 acres of mountain forest, a good bit of it virgin timber—i.e. true wilderness. He left it with such restrictions that the timber could not be stripped, and when the College sold the forest to the United States recently, those restrictions no doubt carried over. At one point, on Mount Lincoln, the holdings rise above timber to over 4,000 feet. Bread Loaf mountain itself is 3,800 feet. Through the heart of the forest, and over both summits, goes the Long Trail. In all the extent of the holdings but two roads cross the divide, one of them too difficult for motor cars. (Of course, the proposed Sky Line parkway would have traversed the entire length, but that, praises be, has been at least temporarily scotched.) Out of this wilderness, on both sides of the range, brooks descend converging on their way down till the united streams are powerful enough to have carved deep, wild gorges. I have never seen these brooks dry. The valleys below may be parching, but half a mile down from the extreme head springs the brooks have always gathered up enough water for a cool, clear flow. I have seen them much less often in flood-time, but on one or two observed occasions of torrential rains they have not become turbulent and destructive till they reached areas of cleared fields or cut-over land.

One of the great charms of Bread Loaf is that with only an hour or so of spare time, you can still stroll out into wilderness and lose yourself in the silence and loveliness of a northern forest. With a day to spare,you can quite literally lose yourself if you forsake the trails. Close to the Inn—not a ten-minute walk—a large brook flows down a ravine, a golden-brown trout brook lined with gay borders of Joe-pye weed and tall coneflowers. The side of the ravine toward the Inn must once have been cut over clean, and is now clothed with a solid stand of spruce, under which nothing grows and where there is constant erosion. On the other side is a totally different forest, which has never been cut, and which, save for a trail along the brook side, is a beautifully handy illustration of the forest primeval.

Perhaps the first thing you notice in this piece of forest is the much smaller number of large trees on a given area than you find, say, in the spruce stand opposite. The large trees, however, *are* large trees, sending up straight, beautiful, limbless trunks for more than fifty feet before they begin to unite into a ceiling. The second thing you notice is the mixed nature of the stand, with deciduous trees predominating. Yellow birch, sugar maple, hemlock and, of course, the characteristic spruce of the north woods, are the chief varieties. At this point there is no balsam, and no pine. The under-forest contains seedlings of all the varieties, with numerous striped maples, shrubs, ferns, and other green floor cover. The higher cover is seldom so dense that it is difficult to walk through, and is frequently quite open, with an exquisite carpet of northern wood sorrel.

Probably the third thing you notice (or perhaps it is the first if you have strolled down from the Inn in your ordinary foot gear) is the dampness of the forest floor. No matter how long it has been since a rain, the floor is always cool and moist, and in low places, or at the foot of steep banks, is frequently decidedly wet. If you get off the trail, to experience the "feel" of the floor under your feet, you at once detect its spongy nature, and frequently you will find yourself stepping on what looks like firm moss, only to have it cave in under you, letting you down anywhere from an inch or so to a foot or more, into a mass of decomposed wood. Here in the virgin timber the black mould of the actual floor is seldom visible except on the trodden trail. It is overlaid with dead leaves, rotted sticks and logs, moss, fern clumps, all manner of vegetation

alive or in process of decomposing. The over-lay acts, of course, like a perpetual sponge to hold water and give it down slowly to the brooks. It is also perpetually building soil. How important a part the down timber plays in this process is everywhere apparent to the eye, because when a fallen trunk has become thoroughly rotted it is converted into a fifty-foot, luxuriant fern bed, or even a bed of orchids, and the long mound it makes on the floor is conspicuously richer and moister than the surrounding soil.

Much of the Battell Forest is similar in nature to this small section. Of course, on the higher levels there is more spruce, but even at 2,400 feet, where the Long Trail crosses the Middlebury-Hancock road, the stand is decidedly mixed, and the biggest trees are almost always ancient yellow birches. (There is a yellow birch close to the 3,000 foot level, which is twelve feet in circumference at breast height.) There is a pretty little wilderness pond at the top of the pass, and under the very shelter of the divide everywhere you come upon swampy hollows, sometimes filled with showy lady's slippers.

With the cross motor road, the north-and-south Long Trail and several side trails, this bit of true wilderness is as accessible as it ever needs be. Quite aside from its esthetic appeal, the incomparable beauty of its unspoiled richness, its wild flower and bird life, all those portions of the forest which are primeval should be kept free of all lumbering, all roads, and above everything, perhaps, all "improvement," so they may forever serve as a handy example of Nature's methods of conservation and renewal.

I say "all improvement" deliberately, thinking of a dozen examples I could name of work done (with the best will in the world, no doubt) by CCC gangs, or by men put into wild corners of public parks and the like. I have in mind a certain steep mountainside covered with fair-sized second growth, much of it chestnut, which of course had died. Lacking other chores, a CCC gang was put in here to clear up the woods under the direction of the Federal Gypsy Moth Control gang. They chopped down all the dead chestnut, cut all the laurel and hobble bush and other floor cover to the ground, and making heaps of the debris proceeded to burn them. Many heaps were burned on top of beds of arbutus! Before they were stopped, the gang had "improved" about twenty acres, converting a wild mountain forest to an imitation of Central Park, removing future soil material, destroying the soil cover which conserves moisture, and getting that section of slope all nicely prepared for erosion at the next Spring flood.

I have in mind, too, a bit of work on a bank bordering a Massachusetts State highway, which was proudly purchased for a park by the village, and into which a gang of men were sent to clear it up. They, too, burned all the dead wood, raked up all the sticks and leaves, cut down all the brush—and one short year later that bank was already full of gullies six inches or more deep, and had become an eyesore.

The whole idea that you are "improving" your woods by clearing out the underbrush and removing the dead and down timber is absurd on the face of it, as anybody can see who has ever wandered in a real wilderness. And on all slopes, of course, the retention of water and the prevention of erosion is almost entirely dependent, not on the presence of large trees, but on the mechanical condition of the forest floor, on a spongy overlay of vegetation in various stages of decomposition, shaded and kept constantly from drying out by the living vegetation just above it. You can see the same thing on the English moors, where there are no trees at all. It is my pious prayer that no CCC camp will ever be put into the Battell Forest, but that the primeval portions of it be kept as a vivid illustration of how the woods renew themselves and water the land, and the other portions be handled in such a way as to bring them as speedily as possible into wilderness class. After all, 35,000 acres, which Joseph Battell saved from the axe as he hoped forever, are not much to keep out of the lumberman's hands, and out of the motorists' clutches, both as object lessons in conservation and soul solace for lovers of the wild.

Note: This article is reprinted from "*The Living Wilderness.*"

A limited number of Middlebury College General Directories for 1927 may be secured from the College Library at $1.50 each.

From Seven Centuries and Seven Seas

By HAROLD S. SNIFFEN, '31, *Assistant to the Superintendent, The Mariners' Museum*

AT the stroke of eight bells, midnight, the figurehead DOLORES looks about this strange place in which she finds herself. Instead of being mounted upon the graceful bow of a ship she is fastened upon a wall. She feels very uncomfortable in such strange surroundings where there is no sound of water, no smell of salt and no motion of a ship. Her discomfort is soon relieved, however, by the sight of a familiar face. There is the figurehead CORIOLANUS whom she met coming out of Boston harbor, and COMMODORE MORRIS whom she saw cruising about on the whaling grounds, the MERMAID with her glistening scales, and others. So many of these acquaintances are present that they all come down from the wall and gather to discuss experiences of the past and the coincidence of their present meeting. But with the dawn, and as a figurehead might say "with the first cry of a Mother Carey's chicken" they hurry back to the walls to resume their graceful poses.

Figurehead Dolores

These figureheads, having spent their days roaming the Seven Seas and gathering romance about themselves, have finally found their way into The Mariners' Museum, near the Virginia coast, where with other relics, they hold for the future, something of the spirit of the sea.

Many people have the idea that the scope of a museum specializing only upon nautical subjects would be limited. To persons with this idea a visit to such a museum is revealing. Art, science, and industry have been profoundly affected by the sea and at The Mariners' Museum a surprisingly large number of tangible objects are being collected to illustrate this truth.

The nautical atmosphere is felt upon approaching the museum building. Ship's bells, ship's cannons, and bollards are among the exterior exhibits. Anchor chains mark the borders of grass plots. The front wall of the building is lined with old anchors. Bronze relief doors suggest man's conquest of the sea.

The main exhibition hall is a room 150 feet in length. In the center is a large carved eagle, the figurehead from the U.S.S. Frigate LANCASTER. Other figureheads are placed upon each pilaster of the room. Upon the walls are hung oil paintings of marine scenes and vessels covering an historical range from the galleys of the 15th and 16th centuries, through the age of the graceful clipper ship and up to the most modern aircraft carrier.

Everyone derives delight from things in miniature form and of all types of miniature art, that of building ship models is one of the highest. Skilled workmen spend full time in a shop completely equipped for the purpose, building with painstaking care models of all types of ships, which are placed on display in the museum. These with others obtained elsewhere comprise a collection of over 60 ship models, ranging in type from the caravel of Columbus to the modern

Main Display Room, Mariners' Museum

liner S. S. PRESIDENT HOOVER.

Displays of the instruments of navigation form a fascinating section of the museum. The indispensable compass is well represented. There is a case of barometers, the heralds of the weather. Those instruments for "shooting the sun" in ascertaining one's position at sea, from the ancient astrolable and the cross-staff of Columbus' time to the more modern sextant are exhibited. Correct time must also be known in computing the location of a vessel, so the chronometer, the most delicate and precise of timepieces, finds its place among nautical instruments. Also there are logs for recording distance traversed and sounding apparatus for finding the depth of water, and other instruments used in the science of navigation.

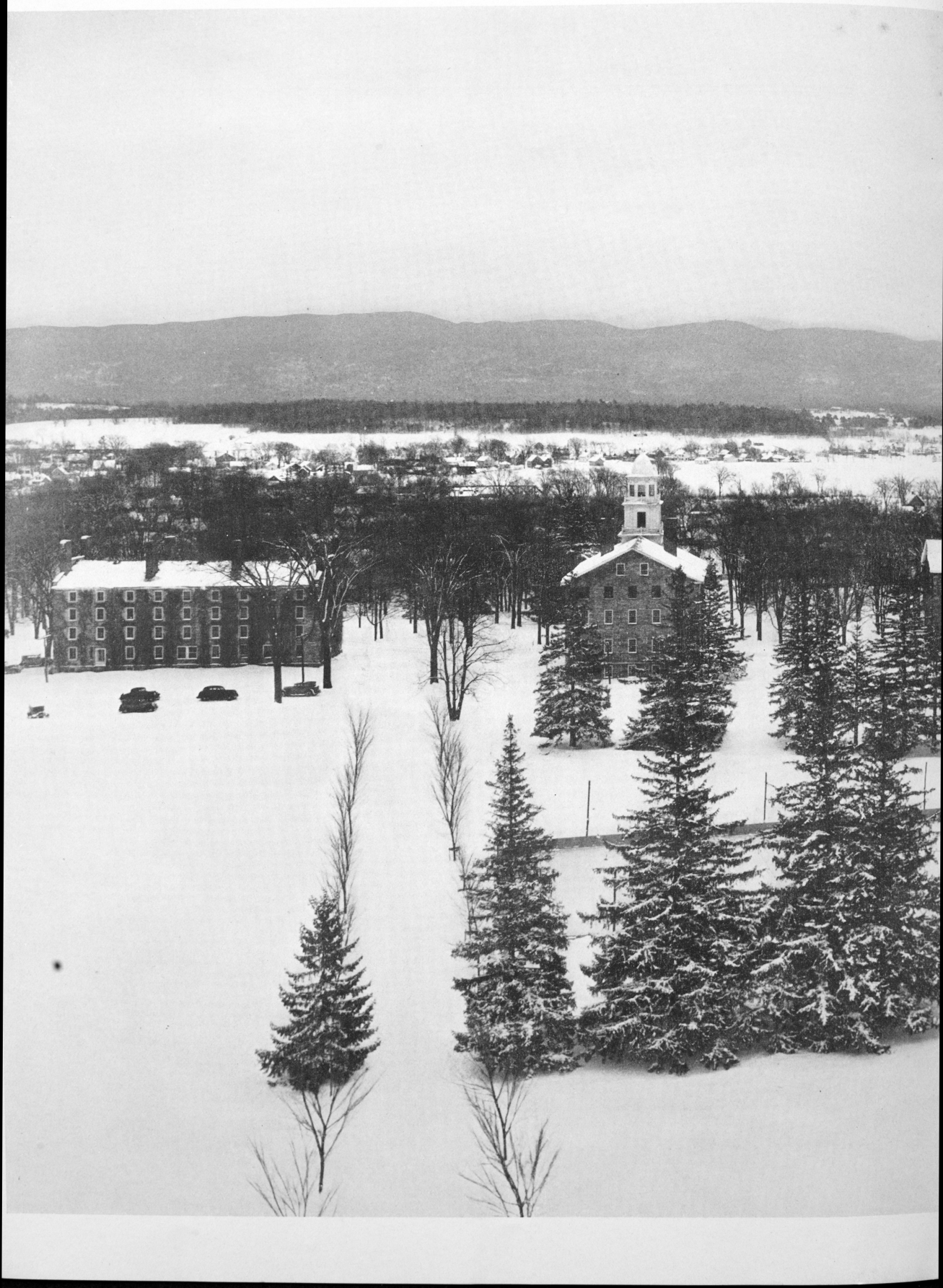
Sponge Boat on Lake Maury

A portion of the British fleet was blockaded in the York River at the time of the siege of Yorktown in 1781. Rather than allow them to be captured the British burned and sank their ships. Over 150 years later a diver jetted his way into the mud at the bottom of this river and groped about in the opaque blackness of the muddy water until he contacted object after object from these old vessels which eager and curious hands pulled to the surface. Among the relics raised and on exhibit are anchors, blocks (some of them still in working condition), cannons and cannon balls, musket stocks, candle sticks, jugs and rum bottles. So numerous were the latter that once the diver, having just found a great many of them took off his helmet and said, "This ain't no battleship, it's a bottle-ship. No wonder they lost the war." Time has increased the beauty of these hand-blown bottles for the chemical action of the water and mud has acted upon them so that light is reflected from them in beautiful iridescent colors.

Among the more outstanding specialties of The Mariners' Museum is its collection of prints. Our modern means of reproduction make it simple to hand down to the future the record of the present. In the past these methods of reproduction were a great deal more tedious, therefore, more to be admired and in most cases more artistic. The walls and files of The Mariners' Museum contain over 1500 engravings, lithographs, and aquatints depicting all kinds of maritime scenes, including naval ships and battles, merchant ships both sail and steam, yachts, whaling scenes and harbors. In this latter class the collection excels.

The colorful history of the Champlain Transportation Company, gives the state of Vermont a rightful claim on its share of the maritime heritage of this country. With the success in 1807 of the steamboat CLERMONT, (of which the museum has a splendid model) it was decided to build upon Lake Champlain a similar boat. The VERMONT was completed in 1809. From that time to the present day steamboats have plied the length of the state of Vermont. Among them was the BURLINGTON built in 1837. Charles Dickens made one of his few complimentary remarks about this country when he said of this steamboat, "It is superior to any other in the world." Among other things from this boat The Mariners' Museum possesses the barber chair in which, it is said, Dickens was shaved!

One room of the museum is devoted to shipbuilding tools and ships gear. In another portion may be seen implements used in the whaling industry, including a fully equipped whaleboat. In this connection there is a fine display of examples of that unique and original form of American folk art, "scrimshaw," the decoration and carving of ivory and bone, done by sailors, mostly whaling men. Other miscellaneous exhibits include marine china, ships furniture, medicine and liquor chests, guns, swords, and other naval ordnance, lanterns and lights, speaking trumpets, fog horns, telescopes, and souvenirs from historic vessels such as H.M.S. BOUNTY. In a courtyard and upon the museum lake may be seen over 40 different types of small boats, including a Shanghai Harbor [*Continued on page 19*]



Is There a Contemporary Civilization

By WALDO HEINRICHS, *Associate Professor of Contemporary Civilization*

PRESIDENT MOODY had given me carte blanche, in the summer of 1934, to give a freshman orientation course in Contemporary Civilization at Middlebury College. How often since then I have asked myself, in view of the daily reports of revolutions, strikes, riots, wars, abdications and broken treaties whether there is any such thing as civilization and grave doubts constantly recur as to the existence of any remnant of it which could be called contemporary. The college textbook market is flooded with excellent post-war histories; 1918 seems to have marked the end of a world epoch. But for interest in daily happenings which seem to pop at every sunrise, the course needed to center around a great metropolitan newspaper rather than a text book, out of date as soon as it is published. We therefore selected the *New York Times* as our text book and decided to build up the background of recent events in class lectures dealing with post-war economic, historical, diplomatic, military and political developments. Needless to say, serious college students in a chaotic world need to tap the resources of information that are available on other pages of the *Times* than those which deal with debutantes, sports and the accounts of gruesome murders and kidnappings. There is much news that *is* fit to print and the foreign staff correspondents are an able and brilliant group of commentators. But however excellent they may be, they leave countless current questions unanswered and, after all, their impressions are largely personal. The payment of the Soldiers' Bonus, which I have always opposed, made a trip to Europe possible financially, opportune chronologically, and justifiable ethically, since the results of such a study trip eventually get to the student. The Sherwood Eddy annual European Seminar was chosen as the agency and the writer feels that no better can be found.

Four days on the "Queen Mary" in third class, and ten in England without any class, should provide the British viewpoint in answer to such questions as "Why this heavy rearmament?", "Why the worst diplomatic defeat in centuries at the hands of a second-rate schoolteacher?" Brailsford said Britain was disarmed and unprepared; Ratcliffe, that she was overwhelmingly opposed to a general war; Arnold-Forster said it was due to Cabinet vacillation and divided opinions. Three great writers in disagreement. "What causes Britain's amazing prosperity immediately after the world's worst depression?" "What is going to happen to the depressed areas that gave such grave concern to Edward the Eighth before more pressing, but hardly more important, personal problems intervened?" "Or did the latter give a pretext for the former? What about the New Indian Constitution, Mahatma Gandhi, the National Congress and its avowed Communistic leader?" G. D. H. Cole, Sir Arthur Salter, Morrison, Major Atlee, Ramsay Macdonald, Lord Irwin, Lord Lytton, Lord Robert Cecil, Irene Ward, and some Indians studying in London gave their interpretation of British colonial and imperial policy which served to create syntheses out of many theses and antitheses.

France, under her first Socialist premier, the wealthy, aesthetic Jewish socialist Leon Blum, who graciously received and interviewed a half dozen of our party, is a very different France from that of Clemenceau, Poincairé et Cie. I asked him, "When will you devalue the franc?" He replied that French premiers had evaded that action, which all recognized as inevitable, for more than five years, but he hoped to do it before the end of the year. He did so actually three months earlier. Courageous leadership. I asked him when he was going to reorganize the Banque de France. He said, "Tomorrow," and "behold it was so." The question and the action were diplomatically unrelated, but amazingly coincident. On Bastille Day, the great military parade swept *across* the Champs Elysee, not *down* it as previously announced. I wondered why. Croix de Feu and Front Populaire were both on tenterhooks. It was all much like 1918, but it left no question in my mind of French unpreparedness—war will be more rapid, more deadly, more frightful, but France is ready! That afternoon at

the Bastille we saw the parade of over 700,000 members of parties in the Front Populaire, from fat deputies of the Radical Socialist Party (neither radical nor socialist) to the extremest Communists, but singing at the same time and in the same parade the "Internationale" and the "Marseillaise." It was all incredible. And that night Dr. Nicolai Berdyaev spoke on the Philosophy of the Russian Revolution, himself a refugee from it.

I felt guilty about using the Ehrenpass I had whangled, to attend the opening of the Olympic Games, after I had raised my voice in protest at American participation under the auspices of Nazi Germany. But such chances come once in a lifetime and rationalization is easier than ineffective protest ex post facto. That stupendous, thrilling ovation to the French team as it marched past the reviewing stand in the Stadium, even from the packed stands of the not over-shy, brown-shirted Storm troopers was overpowering, but what a disillusionment when, next day, I heard that the Germans had mistaken the French Olympic salute before the Fuhrer for their very similar Nazi salute! And that disgraceful and deliberate insult by an Aryan of doubtful lineage, to our greatest of all American athletes, Jesse Owens! "No racial discrimination, no political propaganda!" I never felt more personal satisfaction in muttering "I told you so." Certainly it was worth the whole trip to see Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, Hess, von Schirach, and von Blomberg all in one closely seated row hardly a hundred feet away.

How about the German standards of living? A well informed American economic expert, resident in Berlin, said he could prove a 15% decline over 1929, and feared it was 25% down. It could last from six to eighteen months—then an explosion such as Schacht has threatened. What success in the mad effort of a great industrial nation to become economically self-sufficient in order to wage another destructive war? How about the German effort to purchase foreign exchange? I wondered why G. D. H. Cole had refused to answer that question for me. He certainly must have known the answer. German gold coverage has vanished to almost zero. Which of these truly big shots calls the tune? What personal rivalries and jealousies, Air Force vs Army, diplomat vs soldier, Ph.D. vs drug addict, aristocrats vs paperhangers? Of course before 110,000 "Yes-men," everything was honey-sweet.

I had never even been in the vicinity of Russia before, and we did 3,000 miles in the area along the Eastern borders. What a vast country! Many have asked "Is the Government stable?" The answer is "Yes" so long as the Ogpu and the army are in the party's power. How then can one explain the hysterical press campaign against the counter-revolutionaries led by Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev? The sixteen traitors (except Trotsky) faced a firing squad in Moscow while we were in Kiev. Then Trotsky has to find refuge elsewhere than in Scandinavia. Now, as I write, it is Karl Radek's turn. How did they secure those full confessions? Pressure and threats against their loved one's lives. As brutal as kidnappings? We found it too easy to compare the Russia we saw with America or France, or even Germany and Poland, because we had not known the Russia of 1914 or 1922, or even that of 1929. But their trend is definitely on the up and up, some experts claim 30% better off than in 1929. What will happen when the Russian upward curve passes the much higher but declining German curve? Emphasis on the heavy industries has laid the foundation for a great industrial expansion. Russia has jumped in a decade from 8th place to 2nd among the world's industrial nations. They are working at 100% capacity, we are producing only at 60%. Why close our eyes to such facts? Enormous untapped natural resources, unlimited and sparsely populated land, a population increasing at the rate of four million per year. I saw in Moscow recently mined nuggets of pure gold larger than a basketball, and understood how she now rivals South Africa in gold production. No wonder Hitler wants a slice! But an American authoress wondered which would come first Socialism in America or Efficiency in Russia. No one could fail to catch the tremendous enthusiasm of Russian youth,—no disillusionment, no cynicism, no doubts about the future of the Socialist experiment—they were sure of themselves—too cocksure I thought. Surely no government which doubted its own stability would enfranchise everybody, even its former arch enemies—the kulaks and the priests. But that awful repression, one breathes a freer air outside. Everybody missed the Russians at the [*Continued on page* 19]

Des Souvenirs Divers

CHARLOTTE MOODY

In the *Saturday Review of Literature* for 19 December (1936) Mr. Bernard DeVoto sounded a clear, clarion call in an editorial entitled "Reading for Pleasure." Among other wise things, he said: "*One thing you conspicuously have not got from the season's fashions is pleasure in reading. The model 1936 literary person would rather be found dead or caught attending a Browning Club than entertain you. Don't be a softie, fiction has other and more serious business which usually turns out to be competitive with Consumers' Research.*"

Spurred by this exhortation, we have done a little consumer's research on our own, object pleasure. And pleasure was found in the form of pure entertainment in a book recently out* and in a book published in 1903**. Both of these are volumes of letters written by American gentlewomen in the last century. These women were contemporaries, in fact their fortunes impinged on each other briefly when Henry Adams wanted permission from M. Waddington to explore French official archives. Both these women were enchanting, pleasant, good mannered, intelligent, observant, and humourous.

Mrs. Adams' letters cover two trips abroad and two stays in Washington. The Adams knew Everybody. Everybody in Washington, everybody abroad. James Russel Lowell stopped to see them in London on his way to Oxford to get a degree and they saw a great deal of him later in Spain. Henry James dropped in often. Mrs. Adams sat next Browning at a dinner party ("nice enough," she said, "but not thrilling"), but they would not receive Oscar Wilde when he came to Washington. They shopped for silver and china and linen and notably for pictures. Mrs. Adams' Joshua Reynolds turned out to be genuine, her water colours rose in value. The most notable element in her letters is her complete honesty and frankness. ("*Lady Salisbury has the manners of a discouraged cook, and is not popular*"). She is not at all impressed by great names or great dinners. "*We are bidden cordially to Yorkshire for a Christmas visit, to Shropshire at Whitsuntide, to Tunbridge, Warwickshire, etc., but once we get fixed in a decent house in Mayfair with a rough haired black Skye, this child will not lightly nor unadvisedly intrust her small stock of animal spirits to the gloom of English country-house life. In novels it's charming.*"

Not that she is above the minor matters of food and dress: when coming home she writes, "*Spare the calf—seems to me the worst that ever befell the unhappy prodigal was to have* VEAL *for dinner when he did go home;*" and of a new dress she says: "*My Worth gown has come home and not only fills my small soul but seals it hermetically. What doesn't show is as good as what does, so that when the right side is worn out I shall simply wear the wrong side out. For Betsy's carnal mind I enclose a pattern of the stuff. She will see that the colours suggest a serious peacock. I found Mr. Worth respectful and sympathetic. Alice Mason declares that he is habitually drunk, to which one might retort as Lincoln did and suggest that a little whiskey of his kind to some other dressmakers might not be amiss.*" She is completely individual in her expression: "*We did not wish to suck our paws in Alexandria for four mortal days,*" "*The best thing about a French steamer is that you don't see a British lion in every teacup and washbowl and the food is so good,*" "*A New England pig would sicken at the stuff we have to eat.*" Most of the letters are to her father and reveal a delightful relationship.

Mary Waddington's letters deal with two great events in her life; when her husband was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary in 1883 to represent France at the coronation of the Czar Alexander III and she accompanied him to Moscow; and her ten years in London when M. Waddington was Ambassador at the Court of St. James. While her London letters make fascinating reading, including as they do pictures of Queen Victoria, the royal family and relatives, London seasons, affairs of state, diplomatic gossip and unfailing descriptions of the dresses she wore, her letters from Moscow and St. Petersburg are perhaps even more interesting for they tell of a society that is gone more completely than has the London of the nineties. She was in constant terror of nihilists and bombs at the coronation, but she wouldn't miss anything and she didn't miss telling anything; the gold plate, the flowers, the livery, the dresses, the state carriages, the plumes, the jewels, "*everything* handsome and correct." "*The ballroom is handsome, a parquet floor, and yellow satin furniture; the other drawing rooms too are well furnished in silk and satin. The dining room is small, but the serre will make a very good fumoir where the gentlemen can sit and smoke. It has nice cane arm chairs and tables, and will be a resource,*" she says of the French Embassy in Moscow, and of the coronation procession, "*Bells going all the time (and the Moscow bells have a deep, beautiful sound), music, the steady tramp of soldiers and the curious, dull noise of a great crowd of people.*"

Quoting so freely was meant to convey some idea of the charm of these books. Nothing can convey the deep sense of shame that pervades one after reading them. These women *couldn't* have written a dull note thanking someone for a bookmark received at Christmas. Their letters conveyed something of themselves and of what they did and what they saw to their friends, just as they convey all this to us, across the years. Is *anybody* writing letters like that today?

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*The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams, 1865-1883, Little Brown & Company, 1936.

**Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, Mary King Waddington, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1903.

Gamaliel Painter

By THE EDITOR

SO MANY halos have been pasted about the head of Gamaliel Painter that they have all but obscured the man himself. He was indeed the George Washington of Middlebury, the patron saint of the College, the father of the town. But he certainly was not the erudite gentleman, the mellow statesman, the pious theologian—characteristics which have accumulated about him like a thick aura. He was literate, but neither cultured nor educated. He was more the quiet politican than statesman, more the lobbyist than politician, more law giver than lawyer, a homespun diplomat, slow of speech, but public spirited, generous, farsighted, but above all possessing unbounded energy balanced with a fund of uncommon Yankee ingenuity, tact, and wisdom.

Patron Saint

Although Painter was born in 1742 in the very shadow of Yale College, he had no contacts with New Haven scholarship during his early years spent there. His meagre common school education was to serve as academic background for later life among educators in the cause of education, among capable lawyers, pastors, and statesmen less wise than he. But he was given to adventure, he had the scientist's urge to conquer the unknown, to subdue the untamed, to win over for posterity some of the wilderness acres of New England.

In those years when the makings of revolution were stirring the colonists, when future freedom and democracy seemed not so sure in southern New England, little bands of pioneers had been setting out from Connecticut villages bound on a week or two weeks journey to the far north, to establish communities where their own law would be unquestioned in the foothills of the Green Mountains. Whether it was in New Hampshire or New York where they built their cabins, there was grave disagreement. In 1766 one John Chipman had ventured north along with fifteen other young Salisbury adventurers. Chipman, only 22, had spent the summer in Middlebury clearing ten acres of forest, but his report upon his return to Connecticut in the autumn was not too encouraging. Not for seven years did he return.

In the meantime the Salisbury Chipmans and the New Haven Painters had become fast friends. Gamaliel had married John's sister Abigail, and in 1773 the group with their goods and chattels trekked back along the Otter Creek to the present site of the Three Mile Bridge. Though Chipman had established first lien in Middlebury territory, Painter's log cabin was built first, out of deference to the mother and two small children aged three and four years. And the adjacent Chipman cabin soon followed.

No sooner were the rude shelters completed than the further clearing of land and planting began. But most of the outdoor labor that year and the next fell to Abigail and what hired help could be secured. Gamaliel was too busy planning a future town. Whether or not he had ever had any special instruction in surveying, much of his time was devoted to laying out farms and marking off the future highways of the region.

Work on gardens and surveying was cut short in the middle of the third season when word arrived from the north that Indians and British were advancing in the direction of Middlebury. Because of the strong position he had taken in the establishment of Vermont as an independent state, Painter had already become recognized as the political leader and went off to Dorset to adopt incipient measures for a declaration of independence.

His family meanwhile was bundled off on a raft along with the flotilla of other families to paddle their way to the fortification at Pittsford. And later while the homes were being pillaged the long retreat back to Connecticut began.

But Painter was not among those given to immediate flight. He stayed to represent the interests of Middlebury at the Windsor Convention in July 1777 when the first State Constitution was formed, and then as a captain in the Revolutionary forces allied himself with Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and Remember Baker. His craft made him the natural spy, of inestimable value to the military leaders of the new State.

Not until the British forces under Burgoyne had obtained control of all western Vermont did he leave the State—forced to make his retreat over the mountains along the Winooski River and then south on the east side of the state. Further details of his activities in the War are unknown, but it is most unlikely that he went into retirement.

As soon as the last clouds of the war had blown over in 1783 and '84, Painter and his family trooped back to Middlebury along with a procession of newcomers. And with greater assurance that a permanent home could now be constructed, a better frame house was built. But hardly had it been completed when a dispute arose over the town boundaries of Salisbury and New Haven. The Surveyor-General had to recheck the area and moved the south line of New Haven forty rods north and the north line of Salisbury as many rods north. This was a significant note in the history of both Gamaliel Painter and the town of Middlebury—for all but thirty of Painter's two hundred acres vanished from the map. But the proprietors granted him "the privilege of re-pitching land in lieu of

what was cut off by said line" and accordingly the following pitch was made in 1786:

"Beginning at a cherry tree, which stands forty links from the bank of Otter Creek, thence east 5 chains and fifty links to a stake near a red ash tree marked, which is the southwest corner of a two hundred acre pitch laid out to Joshua Hyde on the original right of Moses Reed, thence east on the south line of said pitch 26 chains and 50 links to a maple staddle, thence south 34 chains and 30 links to a hemlock tree, thence west 12 chains and 75 links to an elm staddle standing on the bank of Otter Creek, thence following down the creek, as that runs to the bounds begun at."

Always with an eye for turning disaster to account, he had secured a hundred acres on the east side of the falls, comprising virtually the whole site of the present village of Middlebury. Painter was a small town economist as well as business man. He knew that any growing community would have to have mills—grist and saw mills. And the mills would have to have water power. People would soon tire of driving their logs and grain for miles to the falls and would gradually want to make their homes nearer the center of "industrial" activities. Already a rough mill had been built by Daniel Foot, and roads to the falls were heavily trod. By the fall of 1787 he had built a shanty in the midst of the "thick and gloomy forest of hemlock and pine" that covered the slopes about the falls, and moved his family to the new residence. The same year he put into operation a saw mill and the following year a grist mill.

Had Painter remained at the south end of the town, it is not at all unlikely that even today the wind-blown "Seeley District" and the River Road (Love Lane) would be lined with residences, churches, and small town stores, with the College spread out in some isolated field. But where Painter went others followed. Disciples came after the leader. In a relatively short period, lots in the dense forest were cleared to make room for the influx of new citizens. "With his usual sagacity," writes Swift, "he adopted his plans to make this village a place of business of some importance. For this purpose he adopted a liberal plan for the disposition of his land to settlers."

Lots for a tavern, a printing office, a hatters' shop, more mills, a silversmith shop, real estate and law offices, a blacksmith, a physician, a brewery, a tannery, an assortment of stores, and dozens of building lots were sold "to worthy immigrants." Addison was the county seat, but as early as 1791 Painter remarked to a prominent citizen "This is the place for the court house." Land was accordingly given for the structure and shortly the county seat was changed.

In the meantime Painter was subject to the same pioneer trials and disasters which others in the community felt. His Middlebury home was burned and another had to be built. Famine struck the town in 1790. The shortage of grain was so great that the women had to go into the fields, cut off the heads of wheat before it was ripe, dry and shell them for food. Practically the only source of animal food was fish taken from Lemon Fair. Many of the men even were so enfeebled from hunger that they were unable to seek food and had to depend on the efforts of the stronger. Others subsisted on wild leek, bark, and berries until grain arrived tardily from Connecticut.

Parlor of the Old Painter (Wainwright) House

Whether from famine or some other cause Mrs. Painter died during the year. A raft was made by lashing together two canoes and spreading boards over them. On this the corpse was placed and, surrounded by mourners and friends, it was propelled up the creek, while the other townsfolk walked along the shore. To add informality to the pathos of the scene, the boats leaked and the mourners, having no pails, had to bail the boats with their shoes. The body was laid to rest in the burial ground near Painter's original home—without benefit of clergy. And within a few years both his grown sons followed the mother to the cemetery.

Despite family troubles and heavy business of his own, he accepted ungrudgingly the public offices conferred upon him. He was one of the first judges, the first town representative in the State legislature, sheriff, a leader in the Congregational Society, and ever the philanthropist. Following the completion of one of his homes the whole town was invited to a Christmas celebration and eight lines of doggerel composed by one Samuel Bartholomew give something of the atmosphere of that party.

"This place, called Middlebury Falls
Is like a city without walls.
Surrounded 'tis by hemlock trees
Which shut out all its enemies.
The powwow now on Christmas day,
Which much resembled Indian play,
I think will never be forgotten
Till all the hemlock trees are rotten."

Painter's fifth and finest Middlebury home was finally completed in 1802, and its magnificance was symbolic of the position the owner had in the town. Perhaps Painter had in mind making a Connecticut New Haven of Vermont Middlebury. A Grammar School and College could not be eliminated from such a plan and he was one of the first advocates for establishing an educational center. As a politician of the day remarked: "The influence of Painter with his cunning, Chipman with his argument and Miller with his courteous address, if it were possible, would deceive the very elect." To this needs be added the brilliance of Seth Storrs.

The founding of Middlebury College would not have been accomplished in 1800 without the craft of the "patron saint." And the most brilliant example of cunning was his manner [*Continued on page 19*]

IS THERE A CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION

[*Continued from page 15*]

Olympics in Berlin. They told us in Moscow that they had not been invited! The very word "Bolshevism" puts Hitler into a cold sweat, but it was the German General Staff that released Lenin through their lines into Russia in 1916. One wonders when diplomats and soldiers will learn that a blow below the belt is bad tactics even in a war.

Then back through the Polish "corridor," arrest by the Polish police who mistook the American service button for the Russian star and couldn't understand how "U. S." could refer to anything else than "U. S. S. R." Visions of a Polish hoosegow until a German speaking Pole, veteran of Arras, found I had once been an American flying officer; then the greatest possible friendliness and courtesy. Danzig and its 200% Nazis who hate everybody including themselves. Nuremberg and the hysterical party congress, Heidelberg and the hang-out of the Student Prince, and certain princely students from Middlebury. In Metz I stood in the room where the Kaiser put me up for two hellish months of agony. A visit to A.E.F. Cemetery No. 1233 (I wondered how many there were in all) at Thiaucourt where I stood beside the grave of Big Bill Taylor, my bunkie in the old 95th Aero Squadron, just a few kilometers away from the Lac de Lachaussee where we both went down during the Battle of St. Mihiel, he with his plane on fire. Down the same road into St. Mihiel where 18 years before, on that very day, we had machine-gunned the crowded retreating German troops. On that hill beyond at Rembercourt had been the hangars of the First Pursuit Group. On to Verdun by the "Glorious Way"; Vaux, Douaumont, the trench of the Bayonets, through the Argonne Forest and along the Chemin-des-Dames, so different from a car than it appeared when I last saw it from a Spad. Tragic Rheims and its glorious Cathedral over which we used to turn at the end of our sector patrols, only the roof and nave restored by the Rockefeller gift and countless others no less sympathetic even if not so large. Meaux where the Squadron bought that barrel of beer after the German July, '18 push was stopped, S.O.S.H.Q. at Tours where we won our French aviation brevets and tasted that glorious Vouvray, infinitely preferable to chlorinated barnyard well water. Cherbourg and the mountainous Hotel of luxury, the "Queen Mary" again. New York and Middlebury with the largest (and each year I have to say the best) entering Freshman Class in the college's history. No time even to transcribe lecture notes before classes began, and the much belectured American public crying for more. What hounds for punishment! Certainly such a trip provides material for sidelights on what we call Contemporary Civilization. Anyhow the classes listen better when they know you've seen or heard it first hand.

FROM SEVEN CENTURIES AND SEVEN SEAS

[*Continued from page 11*]

Sampan, a Tahitian outrigger canoe and a Florida Sponge boat.

Connected with the museum is also a library where already over 15,000 books and pamphlets pertaining to the sea have been collected. Many old and exceedingly rare volumes as well as more recent ones are at the disposal of those who have either serious or passing interest in marine subjects.

The Mariners' Museum is located upon the banks of the historic James River and appropriately near the city of Newport News, Va., a famous shipping and shipbuilding center. Its property has been developed in a natural park of nearly 1000 acres, including a beautiful winding lake over two miles in length named LAKE MAURY after the famous oceanographer Mathew Fontaine Maury. Many examples of the work of the sculptress Anna Hyatt Huntington may be seen in the park. Of interest to Middlebury people would be a pair of jaguars executed in block limestone, making them true specimens of the Middlebury Black Panther.

The sea has always been an inspiration to the art of the world. Archer Milton Huntington has caught that inspiration and expressed it in the creation of The Mariners' Museum.

GAMALIEL PAINTER

[*Continued from page 18*]

of handling the building of West College when the old Grammar School was beginning to overflow with students. Where previously he attempted to promote homogeniety, here he openly invited animosity between citizens living on the east and west bank of the Creek, or those favoring the College on Chipman Hill and on Storrs Hill. The struggle was long and deep seated. Only a Painter could have kept it in control. Petition after petition was circulated calling for subscriptions. And for every dollar, keg of nails, hundred feet of lumber, week of labor offered by one group he tried to secure similar gifts from the opponents. Then when the west contingent finally won, he succeeded remarkably well in reuniting the two factions and getting the east backers to donate their original subscription to the cause.

There was not a significant project in the early days of town and College with which Painter was not associated. In all the paragraphs of Middlebury history no character stands out in more bold relief. His greatest love next to that of kin was for the College and his modest fortune of $13,000 went to the institution which he had helped to found. He is the last person that we would expect to see posing as the aristocrat tapping with his cane through Middlebury's uneven streets, but the work of Painter lives on—with or without the ghost sound of a tapping cane.

BOSTON ALUMNAE

On December 29th at the College Club, the Boston Alumnae Association entertained at tea the Middlebury students of the Boston area who were at home for the holidays. An informal hour of talking and meeting old and new friends was enjoyed, with piano music furnished by Elizabeth Howard Gordon, '26. A special feature of the afternoon was a 'cello solo by the young daughter of Harriet Myers Fish, '16. Tea was served around the Christmas tree which was gaily decorated and lighted in silver, blue and white. The alumnae wish to continue the custom of the Christmas Tea, and hope many more members and guests will enjoy it each year. We credit Irene G. Rhodes, '13, of Melrose, with the distinction of bringing five freshmen and one sub-freshman with her!

Alumnae present were: Alice L. Grose, '23; Caroline B. Williams, '13; Katherine H. Lamere, '16; Mary M. Starr, '14; Beatrice S. McElwain, '25; Inez S. Abbott, '06; Elizabeth H. Gordon, '26; Marjorie McCann, '36; Madolyn Derrick, '27; Marguerite Ellison, '12; Madalene F. Lancaster, '17; Mabel A. Spaulding, '12; Madeline M. Clark, '22; Henrietta Olsen, '31; Evelyn R. Russell, '32; Florence Griffith, '29; Frances H. Ramsdell, '26; Isabel B. Braim, '21; Elizabeth C. Simmons, '29; Dorothy W. Fallon, '33; Barbara R. Duggan, '19; Ethelinda T. Cruickshank, '23; Helen B. Homer, '24; Harriet M. Fish, '16; Evelyn P. Adams, '25.

NEW YORKERS DINE

More than one hundred men of the New York Alumni Association met at the Yale Club in New York City, on Friday evening, January 29. Edwin B. Dooley, formerly All-American quarterback at Dartmouth, and at present sports writer for the New York Sun as well as popular radio commentator, was the principal speaker. Mr. Dooley strongly endorsed Middlebury's athletic policy of playing teams within its own class and expressed the opinion that the small colleges had little to gain from competition with teams of the large institutions with their unlimited reserve material. He complimented the Middlebury coaching staff and football team on making such an excellent record last fall yet without subsidizing the players.

Coach Beck explained the handicaps under which the Athletic department is working with the present inadequate facilities and stressed the need of supplementing the very limited gymnasium quarters. Captain "Bill" Craig, '37, related the experiences of the undefeated football team.

In his remarks on the state of the College President Moody also devoted some time to the policy of the College concerning athletics. He is strongly convinced that the high standards of the College in the field of sport must be maintained and pointed out the usual excellent scholastic record among the athletic leaders. William H. Purdy, '26, reported on the work of a special committee which is aiding the College Editor's Office to secure wider cooperation from the metropolitan press in connection with reporting Middlebury activities.

Colored movies of the College were shown by Mr Harry T. Emmons, '35, with Mr. E. J. Wiley, '13, acting as commentator. The singing was in charge of Henry Vail Brooks, '28 and Richard Fenderson, '30. Donald D. Fredrickson, '25, made an excellent toastmaster for the occasion. The committee in charge of arrangements included F. P. Lang, '17, Chairman; H. V. Brooks, '28; D. J. Breen, '20; W. R. Wells, '30; J. P. Kasper, '20 (ex-officio).

Help Wanted

We have been unsuccessful to date in securing the addresses of the alumni and alumnae listed below and should greatly appreciate your cooperation in sending us either their correct address or a suggestion as to how the address may be obtained. Please direct your letter or postal card to the Alumni Office, 4 Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

1882 Howard, Rev. Henry E.
Pollard, George N.

Ex '84 Bedell, William A.

Ex '85 Austin, Herbert J.

Ex '88 Foote, Arthur L.

1890 Bolton, Harriette E.

1893 Wynne, Frank B.

1894 Sawyer, Oliver J.

Ex '95 Wilson, George C.

Ex '96 Taylor, Daniel P.

Ex '98 Bailey, Charles C.

1899 Meigs, Mrs. George F.
(Augusta M. Kelley)

Ex '00 Spencer, Frederick A.

Ex '01 Benton, Leicester F.

Ex '02 Baker, Edwin A.
Seiple, Charles L.

1903 Wright, James M.

Ex '03 Bugbee, Katherine C.
Moore, Ledlie D.

Ex '04 Simonds, Clark D.

1905 Pilger, A. C.

Ex '05 Read, Rev. Richard S.

1906 Bird, Harold R.
Cole, Harriet I.
Payne, Mrs. H. B.
(Irene E. Henry)

Ex '06 Howard, Mrs. Gilbert
(Marie Murkland)

1907 Maggs, Rev. Walter S.

Ex '07 Allen, Harry D.

Ex '08 Arthur, William R.
Seibel, Carl

Ex '09 Desmarais, Mrs. Benjamin F.

1910 Currier, Richard A.
Moor, Hiram D.

Ex '10 Hoyt, Grover S.
Hughes, Harold S.

1911 Coolidge, Alvin W.
Lawton, Mrs. Albert D.
(Myrle B. Hill)
Welch, Cora E.

Ex '11 Spafford, L. Harold

1912 Driscoll, Cathleen V.
Hackett, Ivers A.
Kidder, Philip E.
Moor, Mrs. Hiram D.
(Lucy A. Willard)

Ex '12 Goddard, Silas C.
Hull, William H.

Ex '13 Corkran, Ralph B.
Dancink, Walter E.
Hagar, William J.
Hayward, Mrs. Ernest
(Ethel I. Johnston)

1914 Starr, Mrs. Mary M.
(Mary M. Geran)

Ex '14 Chaffee, Mrs. Luzerne E.
(Sadie M. Rice)
Gunn, Percy D.
Hamilton, Herbert W.
Sheldon, William W.

1915 Penniman, Thomas K.

Ex '15 Dewey, Clara H.
Ellison, Arthur T.
Green, Wayne K.
Hayes, Perry
Howard, James A.
Kenure, James T.
Stetson, Ethel I.
Whitmarsh, Ethel

1916 Conner, Ruth H.
Snyder, George H.

Ex '16 Crawford, George M.
Crowell, William H.
Grant, Ernest E.
McCloskey, Bryson de H.
Thomas, William G.
Tuttle, Maurice

1917 Lee, Charles R., Jr.
Mitchell, Vinton W.

Ex '17 Britton, Mrs. Frederick D.
(Dorothy Fletcher)
Bruce, Robert H.
Decker, Ernest R.
Downing, John E., Jr.
Handy, Marie L.
Heath, Harold E.
Keefe, William R.
Kent, Paul G.
Searle, Harold S.
Seibert, Theodore C.
Snow, Vergne R.

1918 Slayton, Mrs. P. L.
(Marguerite H. Jones)

Ex '18 Collins, Mrs. R. B.
(Eunice H. Warren)
Gredler, Mrs. Frank S.
(Hazel R. Rogers)
Mara, Frank J.

1919 Ellsworth, Harold D.
Hathaway, Mrs. Dexter A.
(Gertrude R. Burditt)

Ex '19 Ahern, Harold C.
Axt, Arthur E.
Bailey, Harold C.
Creed, Harold S.
Curran, Edwin R.
Green, Frank A.
Hall, Josephine
Morgan, Hobart McK.
Lynch, John J.
Rainear, Harry L.
Spooner, Isaac B.

1920 Gaines, Samuel T.
Henrichon, Marie V.

Ex '20 Conover, Irving L.
Courtney, Gerald F.
Darrow, Herbert J.
Downing, Willard C.
Harvey, John R.
Hicks, Edwin J.
Holland, Gladys N.
MacKenzie, Anna M.
Maul, Edward T.
Watts, Mrs. George
(Elizabeth F. Ball)
Willey, Raymond C.

1921 Bryant, Gertrude M.
Carlson, Esther I.
Pierce, Lawrence J.

Ex '21 Baker, Nina C.
Benn, Lester D.
Brouwer, Roger D.
Clark, Katherine
Clark, Laura M.
Horsley, Mrs. James H.
(Mildred A. Cann)
McClunin, Fred A.
Murname, Horace G.
Whitney, Dr. Dorothea

1922 Crew, Charles W.
Hawks, William A.
Mitchell, Mrs. Floyd A.
(Marion E. Tilden)
Potratz, Barney F.
Russell, Mrs. Charles F.
(Doris M. Pinney)
Saur, John C.
Wright, Ella B.

Ex '22 Bachulus, Dr. John M.
Barney, Cleora F.
Cool, Lynden M.
Ferris, Mrs. Arthur J.
(Hilda H. Grisbook)
Kerr, Thompson B.
Lavin, Joseph L.
McNamara, Mary
M. Pierce Stephan

1923 Axton, Matilda F.
Brown, Mrs. Harlan C.
(Beatrice W. Benedict)
Davies, Mrs. Gordon E.
(Edith R. Webster)
Jacobs, Elizabeth M.
Taylor, Mrs. C. R.
(Helen I. Benedict)

Ex '23 Crewdson, Charles N., Jr.
Davis, Ethel M.
Jones, Adele S.
Kelley, Percy M.
McGrath, William G., Jr.
Runyan, Lloyd W.
Sears, Paul G.

1924 Carlton, Dr. James G.
Houston, Mrs. Bradley R. (Margaret P. Brown)
Howard, Marjorie E.
Lobdell, Alban J.
McClelland, Mrs. Velma P. (Velma Pilling)
Sirica, Edith M.
Taylor, Helen A.
Thompson, Lynwood P. (Olive A. Walters)
Wheeler, Lloyd

Ex '24 Bates, Mrs. Mary S. (Mary B. Stewart)
Bickford, Arthur J.
Biffer, Vincent J.
Ferry, Arthur
Graham, Alexander
Hardy, John G.
Kamens, Rolland A.
Quill, George A.
Stevenson, Roberta
Wiot, Mrs. F. C. (Helen S. Roscoe)
Wright, Gladys L.

1925 Banks, Donald R.
Bulbulian, Theodoret H.
Connor, Arthur H.
Cooley, Oscar W.
Gollnick, Ervin F.
Jacob, Thomas
Link, Mrs. Frederick (Christina F. Tasker)
Moore, Mrs. Richard O. (Ethel L. Beaumont)
Prata, Michael C.
Stockwell, Katherine

Ex '25 Currier, Harold E.
Deitchman, Samuel A.
Hanson, Mrs. T. Read (Eleanor I. Bowman)
Healy, John J.
Lawson, Edwin W.
McClellan, Elmer L.
Mucklow, Brereton H.
Osteyee, W. Ward
Palmer, Cornelius R.
Pollard, Robert L.
Reed, Florence E.
Wiggin, Harold A.
Woodhouse, John S.

1926 Allen, Richard S.
Houghton, Mrs. C. Winthrop (Viola S. H. Palmer)
Knowles, Alfred
Lathrop, Milo W.
McLaughlin, William J.
Towne, Franklin W.

Ex '26 Bashaw, Albert C.
Bourney, George L.
Brenton, Maxwell L.
Campbell, Mrs. Thelma W. (Thelma L. Wilcox)
Carpenter, Frederic G.
Wen-Lung Chu, Wellington
Chubb, Frank M.
Finch, George L., Jr.
Howard, Reginald
Karwowski, Walter
Lear, Dorothy F.
LeDoux, Andre H.
Leonard, Walter S.
Mahar, Daniel R.
Myers, William P.
Parmelee, Mrs. Donald W. (Mary Broomell)
Partridge, Mildred E.
Schwarz, William K.
Sears, Floyd H.
Vallee, Armand L.
Waite, Clifford W.
Wittenberg, Frank

1927 Gordon, Martha E.
Graves, Harry P.
Greene, Mrs. Preston, Jr. (Dorothy L. Cox)
Harris, William D.

Ex '27 Adams, Mrs. G. E. (Harriet M. Parker)
Cleveland, Roger S.
Corporon, George L.
Davis, George H.
Drew, Harry A.
Gifford, Dr. Ralph W.
Graham, Geraldine E.
Howard, Beulah E.
Miller, Kenneth R.
Schuettauff, Henry W.
Tamagno, Paul B.
Wiener, Fritz

1928 Bailey, Helen M.
Beman, Esther H.
Cary, Malcolm R.
Hibbert, Mrs. Raymond F. (Zella Cole)
Hindes, Earle W.
Holmes, Ferdinand M., Jr.
Kent, Marguerite A.
Saliani, Nicholas
Weiss, Iancu A.
Xanthopoulo, P. A.

Ex '28 Blackburn, W. Gordon
Caruso, Rocco
Chipman, Carlton H.
Comiskey, Robert E.
Cornell, Stuart B.
Dunz, Jesse M.
Haley, William J.
Hayes, Elizabeth L.
Hayward, G. Peter
Higgins, Paul M.
Merriman, William
Myers, John M.
Patterson, Robert W.
Reilly, John C.
Silverman, Sara
Stearns, Theodore R.
Talarico, Louis J.
Weser, Roland E.

1929 Burns, Paul A.
Harris, Martin J.
Henderson, Donald C.
Hodges, Catherine E.
LeRaher, Frank
Osborn, Joseph C.
Sheehan, John J.
Wait, Mrs. Irene A. (Irene J. Avery)
Witt, Warren R.

Ex '29 Bemis, Mrs. Arleen B. (Arleen Brownlee)
Bruns, Harry G.
Crawford, William W.
Dujardin, Paul L.
Goldstein, Abraham
Griffith, Wesley P.
Hellauer, Otto E.
Kammerer, Harry P.
MacLean, David H.
Merriam, Elbert W.
Patterson, Harriet D.
Rasumny, Mrs. Morris (Margaret L. Boyden)
Towne, Ellis W.
Westfall, Charles E.

1930 Bellinger, Curtiss
Brown, Marguerite E.
Casey, Roland A.
Demeritt, Clinton W.
Downing, Hazel I.
Emory, Blanche E.
Jacobs, Warren E.
Johnson, Ralph L.
Kimball, Evelyn D.
Peirce, Clarissa
Pierce, Arthur L.
Roberts, Mrs. Philip W. (Georgia Lyon)
Turner, Miriam A.
Valois, Leslie

Ex '30 Allen, Constantine D.
Barenthaler, William L.
Barnes, Wilfred W.
Clark, Jacqueline E.
Eckley, Earnest R., Jr.
Fagan, Daniel J., Jr.
Halliday, Dorothy
Hammersley, Ralph
Higgins, Harold
Kendall, Mary H.
Knapp, Dorothy L.
Lawson, Arthur H.
Leon, Harry S.
Lowery, Mrs. Gilman H. (Norma Howard)
Nettle, Owen B.
Pennington, Jeffris
Potter, Walter E.
Stcherbinine, Michel G.
Waggoner, Howard L.
Welch, James W.

1931 Hagen, Alice M.
Huntington, Theodore T.

Ex '31 Budd, Alfred G.
Funnell, Charles R.
Furbush, Glenn R.
Goullaud, Eric T.
Honsberger, Charles
Thayer, Walter N. 3rd

1932 Chase, Giles E.
Davis, William E.
Hastings, Francis H.
Wardell, Walter M.

Ex '32 Attick, Russell H.
Conroy, William E.
Hagenbuckle, Roderic T.
Parzych, William A.
Seaman, Clyde L.

1933 Boggs, John W., Jr.
Judge, James C.
Mann, Ferd.

Ex '33 Concha, Rodolpho
McKee, John N.
Steele, Avery W.

1935 Schoonmaker, John
Ex '35 Wouters, Alexander, Jr.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1878

DON P. HARDY. Address: 76 Main Street, Silver Creek, N. Y.

1885

GERALD S. LEE. Address: Mount Tom, Northampton, Mass.

1889

ARTHUR E. CUSHMAN was recently elected by Lincoln, Vermont as a member of the Vermont legislature.

1891

DR. and MRS. VERNON C. HARRINGTON, who are on sabbatical leave, are living at 7 South Ashe St., Southern Pines, North Carolina.

1896

MRS. LENA M. R. DENIO (LENA M. ROSEMAN). Address: 270 W. 11th St., New York City.

DAVID H. BLOSSOM is chief engineer and general manager of the American Falls Canal Securities Company. Address: 439 Atlas Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

HENRY E. FOSTER. Address: 267 Tulip Ave., Floral Park, L.I., New York.

1899

REV. AARON B. CORBIN. Address: 164 State Street, Lowville, New York.

1901

MARIANNE F. LANDON. Address: 1018 Grove St., Jacksonville, Ill.

MRS. FAY SIMMONS (NELLIE M. HADLEY). Address: 77 Rue de l'Assomption, Paris, 16s, France.

1903

HON. ELBERT S. BRIGHAM has recently been elected president of the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier.

1906

Word has been received of the marriage of MRS. INA GOVE CUSHMAN to Samuel W. Paine on September 6, 1936. Address: Industrial School, Vergennes, Vt.

1909

EUGENE J. BERRY is with the Interior Department of the Government in administrative work, at present assigned to the Public Works Administration in Los Angeles. Address: 238 North Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

IVAN D. HAGAR has been appointed general sales manager of the Titanium Pigment Corporation.

1910

FRANK P. J. SHEA. Address: 2047 Acushnet Ave., New Bedford, Mass.

1911

MRS. MARDEN R. NICHOLS (SARA D. WHITNEY). Address: 47 North Winooski Ave., Burlington, Vt.

MARION A. FRIZELLE is food supervisor of Hob Tea Room, Inc. Address: 828 Washington St., Wilmington, Del.

MRS. ALBERT D. LAWTON (MYRLE HILL). Address: Essex Junction, Vt.

CARMEN R. WALKER was elected Probate Judge of Windsor County, Vermont in November.

1913

MRS. MAYNARD SWIFT (MARY REYNOLDS). Address: 205 Concord St., Portland, Maine.

MRS. LEON ALLEN (EDITH DARROW). Address: Manumit School, Pawling, N. Y.

1914

JOHN H. BERNS, JR. Address: 517 Avenue H, N. W., Winter Haven, Fla.

1915

EVART R. SHELDON is division industrial lubricating engineer with Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc. Address: 25 Huntington Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. WARREN P. KORTWRIGHT (SARAH L. FUNNELL). Address: 47 New St., Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

1916

MRS. DAISY GODFREY BIXBY. Address: 23 Paris Road, New Hartford, N. Y.

1917

EARL F. HORSFORD has resigned as Chittenden county senator in order to devote his attention to work as a member of the State unemployment compensation commission.

MRS. THOMAS H. LANGLOIS (MARINA HOLMES). Address: Put-in-Bay, Ohio.

MRS. MILO E. JEFFREY (GERTRUDE E. DRATT) is proprietor of a store in North Randolph, Vermont.

1918

JAMES CARDELL is a chemist and engineer with the Raythean Products Company, Newton, Mass. Home address: 335 Wolcott St., Auburndale Mass.

MRS. W. G. KLEINSPEHN (GERTRUDE PERKINS). Address: Garmon St., Old Forge, N. Y.

1919

HAZEL GROVER is a research chemist with General Foods, Inc., Long Island City, New York. Address: 208 Eighth Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

1921

JANET McLEAN TAYLOR. Address: Pelham Gables, Pelham, N. Y.

NINA C. BAKER. Address: 152 Lexington Ave., New York City.

MRS. JOHN H. SNODGRASS (FRANCES L. WILEY). Address: 9 Montross Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

1922

HADLEY SPEAR was married on January 29 to Miss Dorothea E. Nourse of Worcester, Mass.

PAUL M. ROSS is with the Howe Scale Company at 111 Eighth Ave., New York City. Address: 325 West 14th St., New York City.

CARROLL S. WHITE is an internal revenue agent, with the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

JOHN C. SAUR. Address: 221 North LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM H. FITZPATRICK is associated with Ross & Company, Service Building, Rutland, Vt.

MR. AND MRS. DURWARD S. YATES (MADELINE H. FLETCHER, '23). Address: 324 Greymon Drive. West Palm Beach, Florida

1923

CYRIL E. SHELVEY is president and CLARENCE H. BOTSFORD, '24, treasurer of a newly formed corporation, Chace, Whiteside & Co., dealing in investment securities at 24 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Messrs. Shelvey and Botsford began their investment barking careers with Harris Forbes & Co. at the same location.

RADCLIFFE W. LYON is superintendent of the Ontario Marble Co., Ltd. which is a Canadian branch of the Vermont Marble Co. Address: 746 Aylmer St., Peterboro, Ontario.

RUSSELL E. DUNCAN is a technical foreman with the National Park Service. Address: Okemo State Park, Ludlow, Vermont.

MRS. KENNETH L. BALDWIN (MILDRED PARKHILL). Address: 12 First Ave., Fair Haven, Vermont.

HELEN C. PRAGEMAN. Address: Bassick High School, Bridgeport, Conn.

1924

Announcement has been received of the birth of a daughter, Jeanette, to MR. AND MRS. HARRY McINTOSH (MARION JANES) on October 22, 1936.

A daughter, Miriam Eames, was born on Christmas day, December 25, to MR. AND MRS. MALCOM R. BEAN (LILLIAN KNIGHT) at Stoneham, Mass.

MRS. KENNETH D. TARBELL (CAROLYN GRIFFITH). Address: 1460 Van Curler Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.

A daughter, Ann, was born to MR. AND MRS. CHAUNCY OSBORNE (JANICE MEAD) on September 14, 1936.

HELEN KIMBALL. Address: 108 Chapin St., Southbridge, Mass.

MRS. BRADLEY R. HOUSTON. (MARGARET BROWN). Address: 27 Gleason St., Watertown, Mass.

MRS. ELIZABETH SPENCER MOQUIN is a radio writer on W.P.A. writer's project. Address: 356 Belmont Ave., Springfield, Mass.

1925

MRS. RUTH COLLINS CHASE. Address, January 1—June 15: Care of Ecole Champlain, 50 West 77th St., New York City. Address, after June 15 until further notice: Ferrisburg, Vt.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of Miss Dorothy E. Downie to ARTHUR E. WITHAM.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Edna H. Klenk to CYRUS A. HAMLIN on December 26 at North Bergen, N. J. Address: Apartado 100, Cucuta, Colombia, South America.

HENRY HAPP, JR. is a field representative for the MacMillan Company. Address: 326 Woodland Ave., Grove City, Penn.

GILES M. JOHNSON. Address: 128 Henley Road, Overbrook Hills, Penn.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

DR. ARTHUR H. BULBULIAN of the Mayo Museum of Hygiene and Medicine, Rochester, Minnesota, has recently published a short article on "The Organization of a Medical Museum for the Public" in the Bulletin of the International Association of Medical Museums.

RALPH L. DEGROFF. Address: 208 Taplow Road, Baltimore, Md.

THOMAS O. CARLSON. Address: 1 Park Avenue, New York City.

MR. AND MRS. ALOYS P. PAPKE (EVA A. DECOSTER, ex-'26). Address: Route 9, Station F, Riverview Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. Papke is an industrial engineer with the A. O. Smith Corporation.

MRS. R. L. GEEHR (KATHERINE STOCKWELL). Address: 515 So. First Ave., Highland Park, N. J.

CORINNE NEWMAN. Address: St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

1926

J. NEWTON PERRIN, 3RD. is superintendent of schools in the Lamoille North District. Address: Johnson, Vt.

A daughter was born November 30, to MR. AND MRS. HAROLD M. BEANE (MARIE D. BELLEROSE).

W. RANSOM RICE. Address: 462 Third St., Niagara Falls, New York.

MRS. JAMES GWIN (HELEN A. WOODWORTH). Address: 5129 Chester Ave. at 51st St., Philadelphia Penn.

S. FULLER MARTIN. Address: 2540 Laurel Ave., Beaumont, Texas.

1927

MRS. IRWIN HOXIE (AGNES GOSS). Address: Hardwick, Vt.

MRS. RAYMOND P. WINANS (ELGA MAXFIELD). Address: 130 Stanton Ave., Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.

RUBY D. ELWELL is a student at the New York School of Social Work. Address: 130 Morningside Drive, New York City.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of HELEN MATTHEWS to Dr. George Levene of Boston.

GUNHILD ELFSTROM. Address: 34 Paine St., Worcester, Mass.

RACHEL L. SPEAR. Address: 120 Homestead Ave., Amityville, L. I., N. Y.

1928

RICHARD B. STOUT is associated with James S. Kemper & Co. of Chicago as a casualty underwriter. Address: 1333 Fargo Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FLORENCE K. LOCKERBY is instructor of English at the Columbia High School, South Orange, N. J. Home Address: 530 Valley St., Maplewood, N. J.

L. FAYETTE CLARK. Address: 895 Worthington St., Springfield, Mass.

MRS. ARTHUR WESTFALL (ELIZABETH STOUGHTON). Address: 3002 N. Fifth St., Harrisburg, Penn.

MRS. MILDRED B. NEMETH (MILDRED E. BADGER). Address: 162 North St., Daytona Beach, Fla.

A daughter was born December 20, 1936 to MR. AND MRS. GRANT G. LAVERY. Address: 244 Lafayette Place, Englewood, N. Y.

ELIZABETH HOADLEY. Address: 130 West High St., Somerville, N. J.

WILLIAM T HALL, JR. Address: 241 Elmwood Ave., Hohokus, N. J.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES ALAN DALEY (ANNA BELISLE) are the parents of a second son, Eliot Alexander, born November 26, 1936.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of DOROTHY E. PERRY to Mr. Earl H. Sills of Arkansas City, Kansas

1929

CHRISTOPHER A. WEBBER has been appointed judge of the Rutland Municipal court.

MR. AND MRS. STEWART WRIGHT (ELVIRA LACALLE). Address: 2109 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Penn.

DR. PHILIP R. RANSOM. Address: St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

SHIRLEY QUICK was married on June 15, 1936 to Frank D. Sabia of Naugatuck, Conn. Address: 885 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

RUTH BLY received her M.A. degree in French from McGill University in May, 1936.

W. EARLE DAVIS. Address: 112 Harral Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

MRS. ROBERT KLEMM (ELIZABETH A. MCDERMOTT). Address: 562 Clarenden St., Syracuse, N. Y.

NAPOLEON J. BLANCHETTE is a teacher at the Southside High School, Elmira, New York. Address: 353 West Church St., Elmira, N. Y.

DONALD O. HAYS is head of the English Department at the Forty Fort, Pennsylvania High School. Address: 84 Yates St., Forty Fort, Penn.

GILBERT M. SMITH. Address: 60 Thurston St., Bridgeport, Conn.

EDWARD F. LANDON. Address: 10 East 40th St., 9th floor, New York City. Mr. Landon is a supervisor of auto claims.

A daughter, Sue Carolin, was born December 30, 1936 to MR. AND MRS. MELVIN HALLETT (CAROLIN E. RUSHLOW). Address: 399 Market St., Rockland, Mass.

Word has been received of the birth of a daughter to MR. AND MRS. HAROLD MUDGETT.

1930

Word has been received of the marriage of ALFRED G. MORSE to Miss Mildred Thayer on September 12, 1936. Address: 131 Grove Ave., E. Providence, R. I.

Word has been received of the death of MRS. LLOYD YOUNG (RUTH MALTBY) on February 6.

A daughter, Janet Anne, was born January 13, 1937 to MR. AND MRS. HAROLD C. PIERCE (RUTH STURTEVANT). Address: 127 Merriam Ave., Leominster, Mass.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of HELEN WALCOTT to Mr. Clarence M. Iverson.

ELIZABETH C. NORMAN. Address: The Birmingham School, Birmingham, Penn.

MRS. G. R. ROWE (MIRIAM ROBERTS). Address: 139 E. 30th St., New York City, Apt. 12.

MRS. PHILIP ROBERTS (GEORGIA LYON). Address: 614 So. Minnesota St., Mitchell, So. Dakota.

1931

Word has been received of the birth of a daughter, Monica, to MR. AND MRS. VERNE MYERS (EDNA COTTLE).

FLOYD H. HINMAN. Address: 37 Loomis St., Montpelier, Vt. Mr. Hinman is employed in the office of the National Life Insurance Company.

RUTH E. MORRISON is doing stenographic work with F. L. Dabney & Co., Boston, Mass. Address: 208 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.

FRANKLIN C. COOLEY is a receiving clerk with the Gleason Works in Rochester, N. Y. Address: 23 Rundel Park, Rochester, N. Y.

ROBERT SPENCER. Address: 910 Cortelyou Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. ELIZABETH OETJEN. Address: Warner Home, Saxtons River, Vt.

LILLIAN LUCIA was married on November 7 to Mr. Frederick Bingham of Cornwall.

MARY EVANS is teaching French at the Webster School, Auburn Maine. Address: 21 Beacon Ave., Auburn, Me.

1932

Announcement has been received of the engagement of Miss Virginia Littlefield to JOHN R. FALBY.

FREDERICK J. BAILEY, JR. is a member of the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics. Address: 3417 Chesapeake Ave., Hampton, Va.

NINA A. BARBER is teaching French and Latin at the Proctor High School. Address: Proctor Inn, Proctor, Vt.

RUSSELL I. RAYNER is a teacher at the North Quincy, Mass. High School. Address: 69 Glover Ave., Norfolk Downs, Mass.

HENRY B. PLATT. Address: 809 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. Care of Stevenson, Jordan and Harrison, Engineers.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of CATHERINE M. CARRICK to Mr. Francis H. Whitcombe of Marshalltown, Iowa.

EDWARD DOTY. Address: Kelley Apts. Cornwall, N. Y.

DANIEL P. RICCIO. Address: R.D. No. 2, Wilmington, Delaware.

SARA G. HARNDEN is adjusting receiver with the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston, Mass. Home Address: 311 Summer Ave., Reading, Mass.

MRS. CHESTER H. CLEMENS (ELEANOR M. BENJAMIN) is librarian at the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, Maryland, Address: 1012 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

MRS. D. J. RUSSELL (ALICE CADY) is a research technician in the laboratory of neuropathology in the State Psychopathic Hospital, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Address: 524 Walnut St., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

Announcement has been received of the marriage of MADISON M. HESS to Miss Catherine Boers.

1933

DR. AARON W. NEWTON is a student M.D. at Boston City Hospital. Address: 745 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM S. WEIER, was married October 3, to Miss Dorothy W. Cave. The marriage was performed at the Grace Episcopal Church, Rutherford, N. J. ANTHONY G. L. BRACKETT, '33, was head usher. Mr. Weier has been appointed to the department of publications as an editorial writer of the Prudential Insurance Co. Newark, N. J. Address: 464 Fairview Ave., Orange, N. J.

RACHEL C. HEALD is doing graduate work in chemistry at the University of Illinois. Address: 1104 W. California St., Urbana, Ill.

MARION HOLMES is attending Packard Business School, New York City. Address: 102 East 31st St., New York City.

MRS. WILLIS F. CHENEY (DOROTHY P. CORNWALL). Address: Winter Terrace, Mahwah, N. J.

MRS. FRANK W. WICKS (VIRGINIA KENT). Address: 150 Parkway, Maywood, N. J.

DONALD B. MACLEAN is a foreman of the outfitting department of Government boats, Union Iron Works, San Francisco, California. Address: 789 El Camino Real, Burlingame, California.

ELOISE C. BARNARD is studying at New State College for Teachers, Albany, New York. Address: 102 So. Lake Ave., Albany, N. Y.

REV. ROBERT B. THOMAS is pastor of the Bakersville Methodist Church. Address: R. F. D. New Hartford, Conn.

JOHN L. MARSH. Address: 1 Lincoln Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

DONALD J. FALVEY. Address: 50 Claremont Ave., Holyoke, Mass.

ANSON M. RANSOM is assistant manager of an F. W. Woolworth Co. store, Rockville Center, L. I. Address: 133 South Center Ave., Rockville Center, L. I., N. Y.

1934

EDWARD W. HEARNE is assistant general manager of a Y.M.C.A. Hotel in Chicago, Ill. Address: 7962 Phillips Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES N. DUBOIS was married on November 26, 1936 to Miss Lois Marron Shaw.

MRS. WILSON P. COBURN (HELEN S. BATCHELDER). Address: 8 First St., Hoosick Falls, New York.

HAROLD D. WATSON is a teacher of social science and coach at Proctor High School, Utica, N. Y. Address: 1549 Oneida St., Utica, N. Y.

THELMA M. CROFT is dietitian of the cafeteria of the Bronx, N. Y. High Schoo!. Address: 389 Parkside Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RAYMOND B. MERCIER. Address: Greensboro, Vt.

ROBERT L. CUSHING. Address: 330 E. 43rd St., New York City.

ROSEMARIE FARIS has accepted a position to teach French and Latin in the New Milford, Conn. High School.

1935

MRS. EDMUND D. STEELE (DOROTHY CROWE) is a secretary for the Harmon Association for the Advancement of Nursing, 140 Nassau St., New York City.

W. NOEL WHITTLESEY is engaged in work in plant pathology at Cornell. Address: 15 South Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.

WILLIAM H HUNTER is a salesman for Tilton & Cook Co., Leominster, Mass. Address: 918 Main St., No. Leominster, Mass.

M. ELIZABETH JORDAN is working as secretary in the Planning Department of Chase National Bank, 18 Pine St., New York City.

MARY-ELIZABETH HINCKS. Address: 15 Harris Ave., Albany, New York.

AVIS E. FISCHER. Address: 830 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of MARGERY HANCHETT to Mr. Harry Crawford Woodside of Havana, Cuba.

LOIS MACK was married on November 10, 1936 to Mr. Eugene R. Shippen, Jr. Address: 36 West Emerson St., Melrose, Mass.

WALTER H. FREEMAN, JR. is a salesman for A. B. Dick Company. Address: 1615 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

RUTH L. HAVARD. Address: 7 Temple St., Cambridge, Mass.

BURTON C. HOLMES. Address: 26 Franklin St., Brandon, Vt.

MARION RUSSELL was married on January 16, to Mr. Henry R. Cornwall of Middlebury.

PHILIP MATHEWSON is teaching in the public schools at Alma, Mich. Address: 708 Gratiot Ave., Alma, Mich.

Besides doing graduate work at Wellesley College ANNA MIRANTE is teaching at the Erskine School in Boston.

1936

HENRY KIRWIN is in the Group Department of the Aetna Life Insurance Co. stationed in the Newark Office. Address: 28 Winans St., East Orange, N. J.

HOWARD CADY is manager of the Ski Shop at Bon Marche, Lowell, Mass. Address: 90 Chestnut St., Lowell, Mass.

RICHARD F. DEMPEWOLFF has a position in the editorial rooms of the Literary Digest, New York City.

ELIZABETH RIVENBURGH is studying at Western Reserve School of Nursing. Address: 11,100 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

JANE MASTERSON is a house mother at George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York.

HELEN E. BAKER is employed by the Prudential Life Insurance Co. Address: 463 North Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.

HARRIET COOK has a teaching position in Berlin, N. H. Address: 153 Church St., Berlin, N. H.

MARY A. WILLIAMS is teaching in the high school at Eaton, New York.

ALUMNI NOMINATE OFFICERS

Nominations have been made for five important offices in the Associated Alumni and members will be given an opportunity to register their choice by ballot later in the spring.

The three district presidents of Region III which includes the Washington, Buffalo, and Chicago districts, complete their terms of office in June and automatically become candidates, at this time, for the national presidency. Judge E. C. Lawrence, '01, completes this year his term of office as alumni trustee-at-large and is not eligible for re-election at this time.

The nominating committee makes the following nominations:—

For National President—

T. H. NOONAN, '91, Official Referee of the N. Y. Supreme Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

W. L. BARNUM, '07, Assistant Principal, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Ill.

R. L. DEGROFF, '25, Banking, with Mackubin, Legg & Co., Baltimore, Md.

For President of the Buffalo District—

H. O. THAYER, '12, Director of Cellophane Research, Technical Division, E. I. DuPont de Nemour & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

L. T. WADE, '22, Lawyer; Hastings, Hornburg and Andrews, Olean, N. Y.

For President of the Washington District—

P. A. WRIGHT, '09, Dairy Chemist, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

C. H. CLEMENS, '33, Banking, with Mackubin, Legg & Co., Baltimore, Md.

For President of the Chicago District—

B. W. SHERMAN, '90, Lawyer, Chicago, Ill.

E. P. CALVERT, '31, Banking, with Continental National Bank and Trust Co., Chicago, Ill.

For Alumni Trustee-at-Large—

H. D. LEACH, '10, Production Manager of Rand Kardex Bureau of Remington Rand, Inc., Cambridge, Mass.

F. P. LANG, '17, President, F. P. Lang & Co., Brokers, New York, N. Y.

J. P. KASPER, '20, Executive Vice President of R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.